

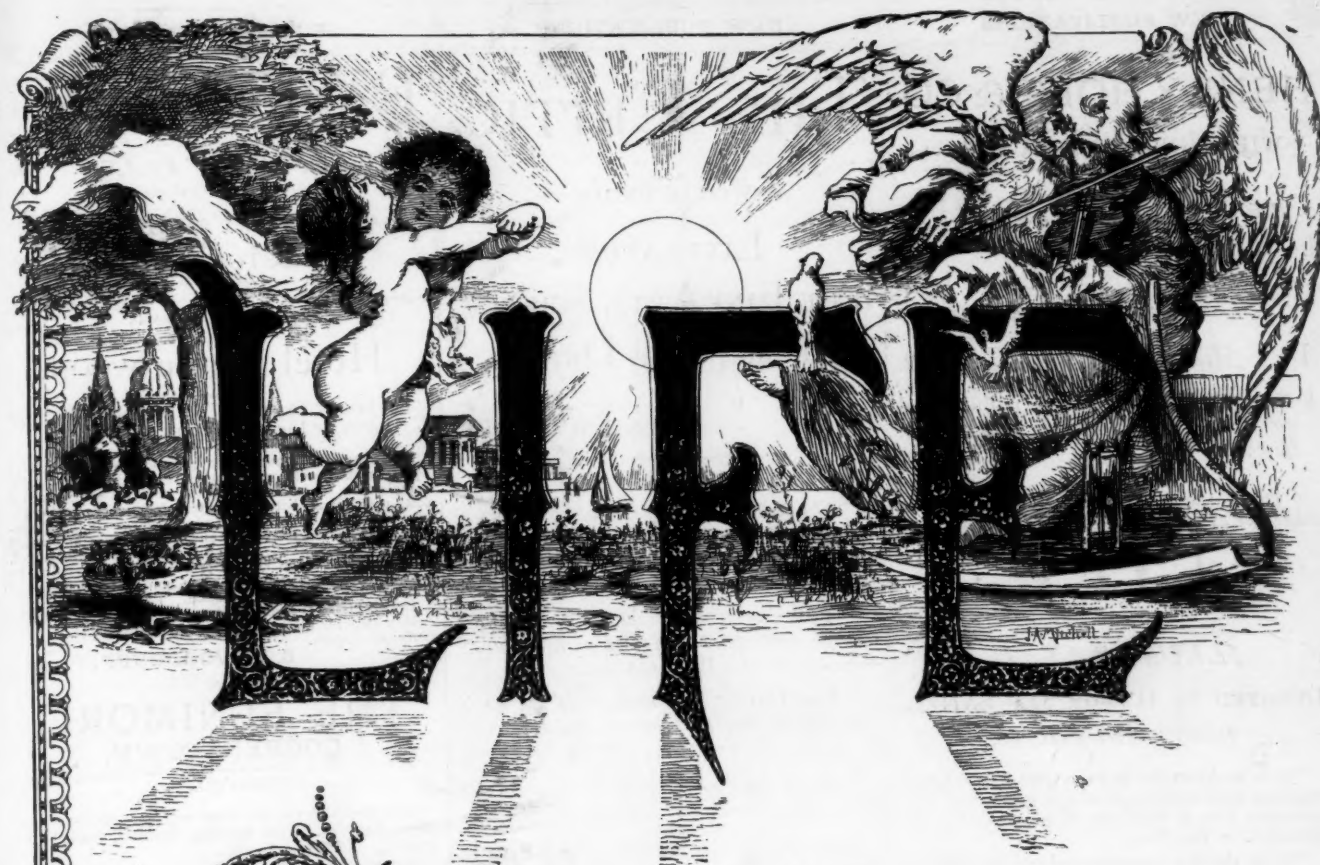
Dr. Donnan

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VOLUME II.

SEPTEMBER 13, 1883.

NUMBER 37.



- Issued every Thursday -

Ten Cents
a Copy.



Published at the Life Office - 1155 Broadway -
New York.

Entered at NY Post Office as Second Class Mail Matter.

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TO SCHOOL AGAIN.

The voice of the siren is heard in the land.



VOL. II. SEPTEMBER 13TH, 1883. NO. 37.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, \$5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents.

THE Circumlocution Committee of the Senate has succeeded in eliciting the information from DR. NORVIN GREEN that the "Western Union Telegraph Company is not run *pro bono publico*." The satisfaction with which the settlement of the long-mooted question will be received, must necessarily be general.

* * *

SAYS the *N. Y. Observer*: "Every admirer of true womanhood will be glad to learn that the students at Vassar College have awakened to the fact that life is real and life is earnest. It is beautiful to see young girls, pausing upon the threshold of a worldly career, renounce the shallow artifice and empty vanities of fashionable life, and zealously bend their energies towards a higher, holier plane of usefulness, that they may be fit to occupy the peerless eminence of the Ideal."

N. B.—The Vassar girls are learning how to make pie.

* * *

THE introduction of nitro-glycerine into therapeutics must naturally be regarded with uneasiness by every citizen interested in the public welfare. If the drug is cumulative, and there is no reason to suppose it is not, a month's treatment will undoubtedly so load the patient up that he will be really dangerous to handle except with extreme caution, and explosions of invalids may reasonably be expected to occur on the streets at any time. Fancy such items as the following appearing daily:

TERRIFIC EXPLOSION IN HIGH LIFE: Yesterday, at 3 P. M., as the Honorable DAVIS DAVID, who has been under nitro-glycerine treatment for two years, was chasing a cross-town car at 23rd Street and Broadway, he was accidentally exploded by contact with the Hon. WILLIAM E. EVARTS who was coming in the opposite direction. The concussion shattered every window in the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and two fragments of the honorable gentleman were hurled as far as 126th Street, where they were subsequently found and identified. No insurance.

GROSS CARELESSNESS.—Late last evening, as MR. TALLBOYS was going into the Madison Square Theatre, he was inconsiderately jostled by some unknown person and exploded. The fresco and stained-glass windows were damaged to the extent of \$700.

A NEW DEPARTURE.—MR. O'DONOVAN ROSSA, the patriot, who has been a nitro-glycerine drinker for several months, sailed yesterday on the *Brittanic*. He proposes to visit the House of Lords and induce the janitor to club him. The result is awaited with lively interest.

"P. S. I SEE that the COUNT DE CHAMBORD was also worth \$12,000,000. Make the rest of the simile as strong as you can."—S. J. T.

* * *

THE most touching episode in Mr. JAY GOULD's autobiography, as given by himself before the Senate Committee, was the narration of how once, in the sweetly innocent days of his youth, while the angels still choired to the young-eyed cherubim and all heaven thrilled with expectant joy, he actually earned a dollar.

* * *

WHY the *Riverdale's* boiler exploded:

1st Inspector: Because the water was too low.

2nd Inspector: Because the water was too high.

3rd Inspector: She carried too much steam.

4th Inspector: Engineer blew her off too often.

5th Inspector: Did n't blow her off often enough.

6th Inspector: Blessed if I know.

* * *

LARGE oaks from little acorns grow, and the public was pleased to learn from MR. GOULD's own lips that the Western Union monopoly, with its far-reaching arms and fatal grasp upon the poor, was his own special creation for the sole purpose of providing MR. THOMAS ECKERT with a situation where he could earn his living. This shows what a truly good man to the needy MR. GOULD is.

* * *

EVERY woman of proper feeling will draw a long sigh of happy relief now that poor dear FRANK JAMES, that quite too delicious bandit, has been finally acquitted.

* * *

"I SEE it stated that in Norway a first-class dinner costs only 25 cents. Do you think it advisable to announce that I am not a Norwegian?"—L. Delmonico.

* * *

"I NOTICE it is reported that an earthquake or something recently swallowed up a large party in Ischia. From what I have recently observed in Ohio I believe this to be true."—GEORGE HOADLY.

* * *

THAT great luminary, the *New York Sun*, has completed the 50th year of its radiant work, and now wheels its way sturdily towards the century mark. Whether the Republican party goes or not, nobody can deny the REV. JASPER's assertion that "De sun do move."



MANY BIRDS OF MANY KINDS.

Miss Darlington : "YES, HE PLAYS TENNIS WELL BECAUSE HE PLAYS IT ALL DAY AS A DISTRACTION. HE IS VERY UNHAPPY, POOR FELLOW ! HE WAS ENGAGED AND HE FOUND HIS INCOME GROWING LESS EVERY DAY, SO HE BROKE THE ENGAGEMENT."

Mr. Horace Templeton Snider : "WHY, THAT 'S THE REASON I MARRIED !"

ROMANCE.

SHE did n't like me when we met—
But turned away and pouted :
'T was very cool, I own, to get
At first a snub so final, yet
I clung to hope, and doubted.

Strange as it seems, a few short weeks
Confirmed my sanguine guesses ;
I came to understand her freaks,
And even dared to kiss her cheeks
And stroke her golden tresses.

So time went on, and as we grew
To know each other better,
She bravely learned to kiss me too ;
And when she strangely tried to woo,
Somehow I used to let her.

The privilege still yet is mine
With kiss her lips to smother ;
Still round my neck she likes to twine
Her soft, white arms. I'll drop a line,
I guess, and ask her mother.

This rhyme produces envy,—strife,
Within your reason maybe ;
So let me take a leaf from life :
Her mother is my darling wife,
And she my blessed baby.

F. D. S.

"REALLY, love, I had a delightful time at the ball last night." "I should judge so, darling ; I heard you, three times, order the waiter to bring more cherapin and tampagne."



THE SEASON.

AN ANNUAL RECORD OF SOCIETY IN HOBOKEN AND VICINITY.
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REAL SWELLS.)

II.

(Hors d'Œuvre.)

ON Aug. 31st, the last swarthy was given in the Dandergilt mansion by Mr. Jeames de la Pluche, assisted by Mary McCarthy. The occasion was unusually festive, as the line of Lafitte, '57, had not previously been reached. Mrs. McCarthy wore a scarlet satin dress, a gift of Mr. Dandergilt; and Mr. la Pluche would have been most elegant in a new dress-suit of his young master, had the pants not split at the calves.

Tuesday, September 28.

At noon, the elegant chancel of the Church of the Heavenly Leisure was brilliantly decorated with choice hot-house flowers for one of the most fashionable weddings of the season. The blinds were carefully pulled down during the ceremony lest the gas-light should be marred, and Dr. McMammon, who read the service from a prayer-book richly bound in tree-calf, delivered the lines in his best manner. On leaving the church the happy pair drove directly to the magnificent steamer Corkscrew, of the White Goods line, which sailed at 2 P. M. for Europe.

Wednesday, October 24th.

Miss Pinkie Smythe Robinson, daughter of John Robinson, Esq., great-niece of Andrew Jackson and also of Andrew Johnson, and related to the EARL of (Robinson) RIPON, was married to Talkytalk Gimlet of the Drummerville Mutual Life Insurance Co., paid-up capital \$300,000. The ceremony was performed in quiet.

Friday, December 7th.

In the evening transpired Mrs. Van Bumblebug's dinner, probably as splendid an entertainment as could well occur in a Democratic city. The elegant mansion with its original rooms was considered regal, or at least vice-regal, when first opened; but its owners have since added a boudoir and several cellars, with their accustomed *luxure*. It was thrown open from attic to cellar on this occasion to at least twenty of the élite. There were several ladies present whose husbands were noble; and every man was a gentleman but the host. Of the men, it was remarked that their cheques would be good for almost any amount. The hostess was dressed in perfect good taste.

Wednesday, December 12th.

A special train carried a large number of fashionable people along the autumn-tinted shore of the Sound to

Norwalk, Conn., where the well-known insurance agent, Mr. William C. Taylor, was married to miss Grace Calkins. The run to Norwalk was made in sixty-six minutes. She carried the usual bridal bouquet. The church was tastefully decorated with autumn leaves; and the bridal pair were relieved by a background of smilax. Among the bridesmaids were Miss Allie C. Fatman—ornaments, diamonds; Miss Hildegard Ham—ornaments, diamonds; Miss G. D. Rott—ornaments, diamonds; Miss Buntie Boomer—ornaments, diamonds. We append an inventory of the presents, prices marked. It was whispered that the bride's father gave a cheque in five figures; but, being drawn to bearer, it was not shown. The happy pair came to New York by the 4:28 train and took the 2:10 night express for Lake Mogunk.

Monday, March 18th.

In the evening, Mr. and Mrs. Daily Dogged gave a dinner to Mr. Coching Chiner. Mrs. Motherin Law, Mr. Charles Carroll, Mr. and Mrs. Pedigree Poore, Mrs. Newfound Land, and Miss Dogged were present.

(Hors d'Œuvre.)

Why the Doggeds gave the dinner. Bless us! do n't you know?

Why the Lands were there. They are green yet. They think Mrs. Dogged leads society.

Why the Pedigree-Poores were there. Mr. Dogged is rich.

Why Mrs. Motherin Law was there. Mrs. Motherin Law will go anywheres.

Why Mr. Charles Carroll was there. He was not there.

THE very title of the volume before us, "A Newport Aquarelle" (*Roberts Brothers*), is deliciously suggestive of the interest which lies between its politely grey covers. Of all the seasons of Newport's well advertised glory, the present has undoubtedly been the richest in food for social and philosophical reflection, and the most prolific in themes dear to every lover of scandal and gossip. So, when a story appears which purports to unveil wholly the half-hidden Lares and Penates of the resident dowager Grundy, the interest awakened is far more than local. In this novel, it is broadly hinted, all is not fiction, and some critics go so far as to say that each of the characters were drawn from nature. Whether this be wholly true or not, it is certain that the author has sketched boldly and with free hand, and that the "Aquarelle" is reasonably realistic and entertaining, although it might be wished that the shaft aimed to shoot folly as it flies in Newport were aimed at a better butt than the effort made by some of our silly beauties to plunge into wedlock with Englishmen solely because they are English. Our social relations with England are now not so feeble but that a girl who is a pronounced "Newport success" might easily learn the standing of any Briton in whom she was interested. The Blue Book is too frequent in Newport for such ignorance to obtain.



Butcher, to fidgetty customer : YOU 'D BETTER TAKE A LIVE FOWL, MA'AM. THEM 'S THE BEST."

Fidgetty customer : BUT HOW COULD I KILL IT ?

Butcher : OH, WE 'D KILL IT FOR YOU. "WE KILL TO ORDER," AS THE HANGMAN SAID TO THE MAN THAT TRIED TO BEG OFF.

THE GOING OF ARTHUR.

BEFORE they went a-fishing in the West
There came on Arthur, sleeping, several men
Left on the civil service catechism, shaken out,
And like perturbed ghosts, ghostly that ghost,
Went shrilling, "Hello! Hello!" all the night;
"Arthur! to-morrow thou shalt pass away
Farewell! there is an isle of rest for thee,
Because the fare will fare too high for us,
To follow thee."

Then Arthur woke and called,
"Well, I am blown," or, "I am flown;"
"Am blown along a wandering windy wind,"
For blown is blown, else what is blown but blown?
"Who spake? A dream? O, light up all the gas,
Go 'way!" he said, and shrilled the voice again,
More shrilly than it shrilled before, "All right; I'm ga'wayin!"

This heard the bold Phil Sheridan, and spake,
For never yet his lips he oped, but spake
Or took he summat; summat for his throat:
"Oh me; mind not these-dreadful dreams, but rise;
I hear the steps of Modoc in the west,
And with him many squaws and braves
Once thine, now grosser grown than heathen,
With rashen rations of the government,

And right good cheer from spoilen sutlermen.
Arise, go forth, and cast a fly or two."

Then spake good Arthur to Phil Sheridan:
"Far other is this country in the West
Whereto we move, than is the Restigouche,
Wherein for salmon I have fished oft,
And caughten raiment damp and awful colds."
And yet he smiled—they all did, more or less—
And went.

Due west his buckboard ceaseless went,
And old man Modoc, and his tribe,
Came from the sunset bounds of Lava-bed,
And all the Creeks came creaking down to him,
And the Crows shrilled about him with the Kaws,
And the Pawnees brought in their uncle's pledges,
Whereat he laughen, saying, "Yes, I know,"
As one who had been there himself, long time ago;
And Cheyenne their Arapahoes at him—
The only hose they war, and them they wore
The full-orbed round of the full-orben year.
Came the Pueblos; and the Utes came to Sioux
For guns and whisky, for their health was poor,
And their crops famished for the white man's drink.
Came the Navajoes, calling him by name,
And saying that a genuine Chippewas
Of the old block, and that he Ottawa
Their wishes well; and the Spokanes came
And whispern in his ear, "Osage," they said,
Of Oriental Washington, behold the Okanagaus,
Of Western Washington, the only Irish Indians
In all your land. "Sho, shonee!" quoth he,
And in Nesqually mood he said, "We Otoo
Makah break, and end this council
Wichitas outlasted all my patience.
And I fear me much that lest I may
Kickapoo Indian till his own Blackfeet
Shall break his Flathead."

He Comanche to laugh,
And turned to where the swift Gros Ventre winds
Its rocky way. He took in his right hand
His rod of split bamboo, Excalibur,
And strongly wheeled and threw the fly, and lo,
The silken line, outflung upon the tide,
Tangled, and lay upon the dancing waves
A fiery, wild, untamed "Y and dot."

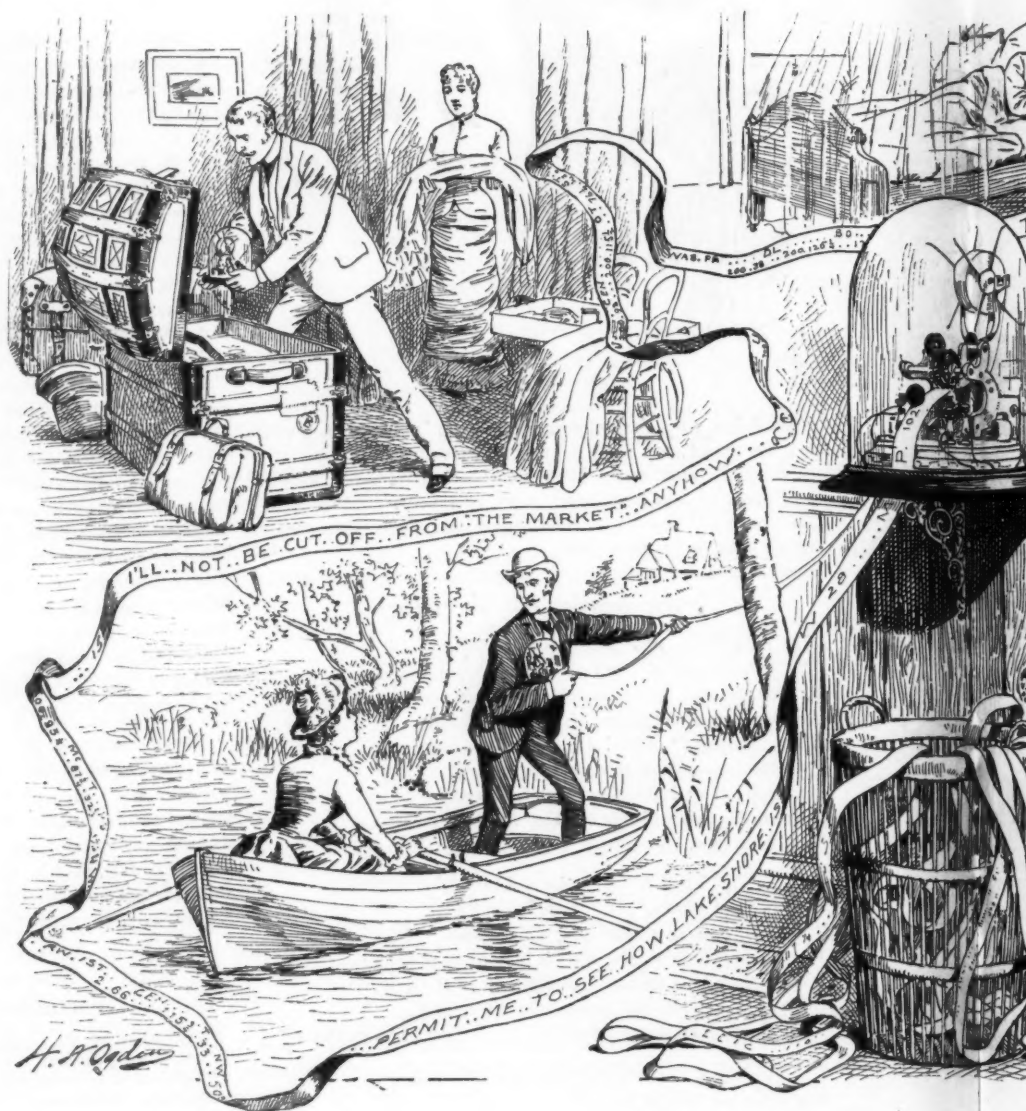
ROBT. J. BURDETTE.

UNDESERVED REPROOF.

THE voice of the old Judge was choked with emotion as he went on speaking:

"Miserable creature, six times have you appeared before me at this bar. Drink has drowned in you all sense of shame—made you insensible not only to disgrace, but to any feeling of humanity. Your children are branded with the stigma of a drunkard's name, and starved by a drunkard's appetite. Rum shows itself in your trembling limbs and in your bleared and watery eyes; it has made of your nose a warning beacon"—

"Chudge, tondt you gall no names to dot nose. Dot nose was a pig, high-doned nose as you nefer see, unt, Chudge, dot nose was yearful ashame of me. Chust you vatch him plush."





BROKER'S VACATION.

BALLAD OF A BOLD BACHELOR.

WHEN I was young I dwelt among
 A group of maidens gentle,
 And somehow grew, as fellows do,
 To be quite sentimental:
 I kissed the girls, and pulled their curls,
 Played "Buzz" and "Copenhagen;"
 Now they are flown, and I am grown
 A sensible old Pagan.

For once I met a gay coquette
 Enchanting, sweet and charming,
 And in a week I found my cheek
 Had wrought a deed alarming:
 I lightly swore, as oft before,
 Affectionate assurance,
 And vowed a life without a wife
 To be beyond endurance.

I used to write her every night
 A sugar-sentenced letter,
 With raptures of a lavish love
 That knew of nothing better:
 I wailed my woes in plaintive prose
 As doleful as a hearse is,
 And jammed my joy, like any boy,
 In very spoony verses.

My postage bill increased until
 My bank deposits dwindled;
 Her missives came and fed the flame
 That cunning Cupid kindled:
 I bought bouquets, and penned my praise
 In language fine and fervent;
 To end the note I always wrote—
 "Your *most* devoted servant."

Alas, the stationery gay—
 The reams of tinted paper!
 Alas, the ink I used to think
 Had magic in its vapor!
 Alas, that I should ever buy
 Such loads of things to give her!
 When I recall them, one and all,
 It makes my conscience quiver!

For woe is me! I did n't see—
 Love made me so short-sighted—
 How vain it was to woo, because
 She seemed so much delighted:
 For she had money, I had none
 To make my pockets jingle,
 And so I live a fugitive,
 In blessedness that 's single.

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

THE paternal achers—the guv'nor's teeth.

THE BLESSINGS OF A DAY.

GOLD is not the only thing that glitters. Much the greater part of the great sum-total of daily shine emanates from substances decidedly more humble and more common. Tin cans and broken glass can shine if only the sunlight gets to them. Not less insignificant things make our daily bread repose in cheerful serenity in our stomachs. In the long run I know that my comfort depends on the consciousness that my behavior warrants me in being careless of a fireproof coffin when I die, but my happiness from hour to hour, or, it may be, my misery, I owe to the reflections which trivial and unimportant things call into existence in my mind.

Here is a list of yesterday's small blessings:

On waking to lie abed ten minutes longer.

To be able to put on big shoes instead of the small ones of the previous night.

Pleasurable surprise at finding umbrella not taken during breakfast.

Comfort of being at office in time to read paper and assume studious attitude before Smith gets down.

Consciousness that Smith is late.

Ditto that he is very late.

Momentary thrill at throwing mucilage pot at organ-grinder below window.

Self-commendatory consciousness that Smith has a head on him.

Comfortable feeling all day over Smith's state and his resulting idleness.

Much comfort in loafing because Smith does even less.

Complacency at refusing two cocktails before dinner.

Comfort in a B. & S. taken with Smith and in benevolent recognition of his state.

Dinner, and in particular the cold apple pie with cheese.

Self-congratulation that I have not got to marry girl with frizzy hair engaged to Jones.

Comfort in thinking Jones *has* got to marry her.

Comfortable nap in office chair while preserving appearance of work.

Satisfaction at hearing Smith say he has had two more drinks, because myself have had none.

Joy at finding Mrs. Rogers not at home and leaving card.

Tea.

Novel.

Cigar.

Bed.

DE FOOL NIGGER am like an ostrich. He stix his nose in a glass ob beer, jes' like de bird puts his bill in de san', an' tinks nobody ain't a-lookin'.

AMERICAN ARISTOCRACY.

AN esteemed subscriber writes to say that he was "inexpressibly surprised and pained" to observe that in the last issue of *LIFE* place was given to a "plebeian and venomous" attack upon Newport, which commonwealth, he informs us, is the "centre of aristocracy, refinement, and fashion in this country." Furthermore, he charges *LIFE* with consorting in opinion with that literary and therefore low-flung person, Mr. RICHARD GRANT WHITE, who has recently advanced the ignorant and ill-bred theory that the true aristocrats of America are infrequently found in the haughty and exclusive coterie known broadly as the "first circle of New York society." He then takes *LIFE* by the throat and bloodthirstily demands to be "categorically informed"—

- 1st. What is the first circle of American aristocracy?
- 2nd. Is it not a lawful aristocracy?
- 3d. Cannot the American aristocrat lay as valid a claim to blood as his congener of Europe?
- 4th. What are the requisites of eligibility to admission to American aristocracy?
- 5th. Is not the American aristocrat the "noblest product of modern civilization, progress and refinement?"
- 6th. Where is the centre of American aristocracy?

Under this fierce compulsion, *LIFE* stands and delivers, categorically, as follows:

1st. The "First Circle of American Aristocracy" is a generic term applied to a number of persons who have formed a social confederation with the object and privilege of calling themselves American aristocrats of the "First Circle." The adjective "American" is here used to distinguish this aristocracy from other aristocracies, notably English, for the same reason that honest Broadway jewellers label some of their wares "Parisian diamonds" and others simply "diamonds." Awkward explanations and much confusion are thus prevented by muzzling the foreign investigator of our social system with this simple but ingenious device.

2nd. It is the legal right of every American citizen to call himself what he pleases, except in the case, for example, where WILLIAM SMITH calls himself AUGUSTUS BROWN upon a cheque, in characters fairly similar to those with which said BROWN embellishes his cheques, and presents the same at said BROWN's bank to his, SMITH's, pecuniary advantage. Except in this case, which some authorities claim to be irregular, WILLIAM SMITH is also free to subject his name to a process of evolution which may eventually bring it out as DE SMYTHE or even DESMYTH. It is also lawful for said SMITH to call said BROWN what he pleases, conditionally upon BROWN's not being offended, or upon BROWN's being physically inferior to SMITH. Therefore it follows that both SMITH and BROWN can lawfully call themselves aristocrats, or can apply the term to each other, provided in this second case their wives visit and are otherwise upon agreeable terms.

Now if the law sanctions BROWN's calling himself an aristocrat and calling SMITH one, and empowers SMITH to do likewise in regard to himself and BROWN, it is clear that the future social condition of DESMYTH and VAN BRUYNE (BROWN—BROWNE—BRUYN—VAN BRUYNE) is "lawful aristocracy." Now if JEREMIAH JONES be seized with a burning to call himself an aristocrat, he can lawfully do so, but he cannot lawfully compel either DESMYTH or VAN BRUYNE to apply the term to him, for the reason that



Mrs. Gwendolyn Van Style: AND, GRIFFIN, ALWAYS REMEMBER TO OFFER THE SALVER FOR THE GENTLEMAN'S CARD.

Griffin (elevating himself to tiptoe): YES 'M.

Mrs. G. Van S.: AND, UNDER NO CIRCUMSTANCES, GRIFFIN, REMAIN WAITING IN THE DRAWING-ROOM UNTIL I COME DOWN, AS YOU DID YESTERDAY.

Griffin (lets himself softly down to his heels again): BUT SUPPOSE, MEM, AS I TAKES HIM TO BE A GENT, MEM, WHAT 'LL BEAR WATCHIN', MEM.

Mrs. JONES' pew is fourteen rows back from that of Mrs. VAN BRUYNE, and she was once brazen enough to get Mrs. DESMYTH's dressmaker to sell her some of the same trimming with which that exclusive lady garnished her Easter bonnet. Thus having only one vote, although JEREMIAH JONES parboils his name and moulds it into (JEREMIAH JONES—J. MEYER JOHNS—J. MEHR JOHN—VER MEHR ST. JOHN), he is less an aristocrat than either DESMYTH or VAN BRUYNE, who have two votes apiece, and hence must be content to move in the Second Circle of New York Society, and be snubbed by DESMYTH and VAN BRUYNE, with the privilege of snubbing in turn the luckless PETER ROBINSON, who, not having been voted an aristocrat even by himself, is still groping in the Third Circle of New York Society, feebly consoling himself by patronizing JACOB HIGGINS and MIKE MURPHY, both of whom, being vulgar enough to possess intelligence, grovel in the Fourth Circle of New York Society.

This state of affairs continues for, say fifteen years. Meantime PETER ROBINSON, by steady devotion to the art of making friends

and unloading stock upon them has acquired four times as much money as was originally possessed by VAN BRUYNE, while the latter gentleman's substance, by an unfortunately unsuccessful attempt to hold up the wrong side of a Western pork market, and by the natural drainage incident to an English son-in-law, a steam yacht and other aristocratic accoutrements, has oozed away until now less than an eighth of its original bulk remains. In the meantime, by beautiful degrees, DESMYTH's fortune has ebbed through the usual Wall Street channel, he having affectionately endeavored to make pin-money for Mrs. DESMYTH by acting on a "pointer" in oil confided to him one day in strict secrecy by the grovelling but intelligent HIGGINS, who happened just by chance to be ROBINSON's broker.

Now to lack money is worse than unaristocratic; it is exceedingly bad form. Time and tide and an English son-in-law and a steam yacht wait for no man, and Mr. VAN BRUYNE's bank account shows an abysmal void. The "season" is approaching, and with it his British son-in-law's father's second wife's cousin's stepmother's uncle, the haughty and powerful EARL OF GAMMON, who is coming across the pond to see his dear sister's stepdaughter's cousin's stepson's father-in-law, be fêted by the First Circle of New York Society for a brief year or two, and recuperate from a recent heavy loss incurred by having incautiously backed the wrong horses at both the GRAND PRIX and the DERBY. To further this latter end he will bring with him his neice, the Lady GLADIOLA VIOLET PLANTAGENET GWENDOLYN BEAUCHAMP, and his son, Lord LAUNCELOT ST. JOHN HERBERT GORDON FITZHUGH GARNETT CHOLMONDELY ARCHIBALD GEOFFREY LANCASTER-TOMKINS.

Of course this addition of three persons to the VAN BRUYNE household is intrinsically a cypher, but the fact that a real Earl, a genuine Lady and an indisputable Lord, British at that, are coming, entails a swelling of expense which would be ruinous even in prosperity. But Mr. VAN BRUYNE does not quaver. No member of the First Circle of New York Society can quaver where money is concerned. He is grandly rolled to the office of the opulent but "Third Circle" ROBINSON, who humbly receives him. He grandly states his gracious willingness to sign his illustrious name to a note for \$200,000, with a mortgage on some weak-kneed railroad stock as collateral. ROBINSON feels like resenting the bewildering impudence by a kick down stairs, but that he here sees a



AUT CIRCUM AUT PANEM.

Uncle Reuben: NOW, WENUS, YO' KNOW DE ARGUMENT: YO' CAWN'T GO TER DAT DISREPTABLE SUKKUS 'N HAB DAT NEW GOWN, TOO. SO TEK YO' MONEY AN' HAB YO' CHOICE. I' VISES DE GOWN."

Aunt Venus: WALL, RUBE, I GUESS DIS YER OLE GOWN 'LL HEV TER DRAGGLE A WHILE LONGER. NOW, dat's 'CONOMY, HAIN'T HIT?

chance to become at least a Second Circler. So he joyously writes a cheque, bidding Mr. VAN BRUYNE take his own time about the mortgage—note—everything. Mr. VAN BRUYNE grandly accepts the cheque, nonchalantly tosses it to his obsequious banker, and rolls home again to cable an elaborate note of welcome to his noble friend the Earl, who accordingly secures a pass and comes over on the next steamer.

Meanwhile, through some occult channel, the astounding news reaches VER MEHR ST. JOHN, the Second Circler, that VAN BRUYNE, the First Circler, has actually had a tremendous business transaction with ROBINSON, the Third Circler. Immediately then, Mrs. ST. JOHN calls upon Mrs. ROBINSON, who has tact enough to accept the insultingly displayed condescension without a murmur. VER MEHR ST. JOHN proposes

ROBINSON's name at his club, and the ROBINSONS are Second Circlers from thence on. During this time the Earl has arrived, and has been wined and dined and fêted by all the First Circlers; Lady GLADIOLA VIOLET has been in a perennial state of floral siege, and Lord LAUNCELOT ST. JOHN HERBERT has been raved over and Delmonicoed to that extent that he was twice enabled to see more bewilderingly elaborate ophiological collections in portions of his own private wardrobe than could be seen in many visits at home to the Zoo.

Now comes that tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads ROBINSON to fortune. Mr. DESMYTH, the First Circler, has heard of ROBINSON's transaction with VAN BRUYNE. His own fortune is in similar need of half-soling. Being less bold than Mr. VAN BRUYNE, and less opulent in weak-kneed railroad stock, he resorts to strategy to gain the same end. He gives a stately dinner to the proud Earl of Gammon, and nearly stuns ROBINSON by sending him an invitation. It is strictly a stag, for, of course, neither Mrs. VAN BRUYNE nor Mrs. DESMYTH could meet a Second Circler on the affable terms of a dinner, and making the affair a stag, enables Mr. DESMYTH to invite ROBINSON and leave Mrs. ROBINSON out. Mr. ROBINSON accepts and meets the Earl, who learns that he is the richest man in the city.

A month elapses. The Earl borrows \$50,000 of Robinson upon an unendorsed note. Mrs. DESMYTH sends her cards for an afternoon tea to Mrs. ROBINSON, who accepts. Mrs. ROBINSON meets all the First Circlers, and is thenceforward invited everywhere. She is now very cool to Mrs. ST. JOHN, the Second Circler, and cuts dead her own cousin, Mrs. JACKSON, who is still a Third Circler. Still the VAN BRUYNES have not recognized her, and that is bitterness, for the VAN BRUYNES lead the set.

Two weeks later. Astounding news! The Earl of Gammon announces that Lord LAUNCELOT ST. JOHN HERBERT is betrothed to Miss MOLLIE, second daughter of ROBINSON. The VAN BRUYNES immediately call. Mr. VAN BRUYNE asks ROBINSON to dinner. Triumph! The ROBINSONS are First Circlers.

A month passes. Terrible disclosure. Mrs. DESMYTH's diamonds discovered to be paste. Real stones in pawn at Soap Fat and Tallow Bank. Announced on street that ROBINSON refused to loan DESMYTH \$1,200,000.

The next day. DESMYTH has failed. Offers to pay 10 per cent. to creditors. Terms accepted. First Circlers all sorry for poor, dear Mrs. DESMYTH, and studiously strike her name from their selected list.

A week thereafter. ROBINSON has purchased the DESMYTH cottage at Newport. Gives a ball at home in honor of Earl of Gammon. Grand affair. Two reporters attend each guest. Mrs. ROBINSON and Lady GLADIOLA VIOLET, seated upon two golden divans, receive the First Circlers in royal state. Some of First Circlers pretty mad at this assumption of superior caste, but, as the affair is under the auspices of the VAN BRUYNES, who lead the set, what can they say?

Two months go by. Wedding. Lord LAUNCELOT ST. J. H. G. F. G. C. A. G. LANCASTER-TOMKINS and Miss MOLLIE ROBINSON. All First Circlers attend. Father-in-law's present to Lord LAUNCELOT \$3,000,000, four houses, and twenty-one square yards of old master gems. Lady GLADIOLA VIOLET returns to England to marry Hon. EDWARD FITZGERALD CECIL DOUGLASS GUY MAJORIBANKS, third son of the Duke of Boncomboro', to whom she has been betrothed by family contract since four years before her birth. Rumor says that before leaving she

told RUTHERFORD DE STAMPES, who addressed her, that "English ladies never married into American aristocracy, whatever example might be set them by their male relations." Upon investigation this proved to be painfully true.

After two years. VAN BRUYNE and ROBINSON lead the First Circlers. VAN BRUYNE is a trifle ahead, for his grandfather was already rich before ROBINSON's grandfather got out of the clam trade, and his blood is therefore at least twenty years older. The DESMYTHS have recovered a million, and are beginning to work up a little among the Second Circlers. JACOB HIGGINS, who was a Fourth Circler, got rich by a flyer in Lake Shore and married Miss GERTRUDE DESMYTH, by which he became a Second Circler with a fair chance of seeing his posterity become First Circlers. Mike Murphy became an habitual literary person, and thereby nearly lost his position as a Fourth Circler, but happened to marry Miss BULLION, consented to become Mr. MICHEL MURIVÉE, received \$10,000,000 from his father-in-law and is now a Third Circler. VER MEHR ST. JOHN lost his money and dropped out altogether.

3rd. The American Aristocrat *can* lay as valid a claim to blood as his congener in Europe, and no one will dispute it but the congener.

5th. The "requisites" of eligibility to admission to that position of American aristocracy known as the "first circle of New York society" are set forth in answer to No. 2.

5th. The American aristocrat of "first circles" is certainly a remarkable product of modern civilization, etc.

6th. The "centre of American aristocracy" (First Circlers) is undoubtedly Newport.

POPULAR QUOTATIONS.

(RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO NEW JERSEY CASHIERS NOW TRAVELLING IN CANADA.)

"I'LL make assurance doubly sure and take a *Bond* of Fate."

—*Macbeth.*

"How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this *Bank*."

—*Merchant of Venice.*

"Change amuses the mind yet scarcely profits."

—*Goethe.*

"T is chastity, my brother, chastity:

She that is clad in complete *steal*."

—*Milton, Comus.*

"Fain would I climb but that I fear to fall."

—*Raleigh.*

"A skip in time saves nine" (years?)

—*Wm. the Kydde.*

"T 'was for the good of my country that

I should be abroad."

—*Farquhar.*

J. K. B.

THE country Press—a cider mill.

A NOVEL idea—the plot of the story.

ALL that it is cracked up to be—flour.



"WOULD PUSSY LIKE A LITTLE TEA?
"T WILL BRACE HER UP."

SHE BRACED; THOUGH SHE WAS NOT PAR-
TIAL TO HOT DRINKS.

BALLADE.

SHE wears the daintiest of clothes,
The most bewitching style of hat,
She always has a troop of beaus
Who ne'er can find out what she's at ;
She's always bright and fond of fun,
And you should hear her play the flute ;
But, oh, ye gods what have I done?—
I've seen her in her bathing suit !

I scarce had met this charmer fair,
When I, a captive at her feet,
Determined to do all and dare
To win this maid of all most sweet.
I waited on her morn and noon,
I brought her offerings, flowers, fruit ;
But, oh, ye gods, what have I done?—
I've seen her in her bathing suit !

I thought her sometimes half divine,
Too fair, too sweet for this cold sphere;
In dreams I dared to call her mine,
Then waked to shed a hopeless tear.
Now paled my star, eclipsed my sun,
Faded my love, romance to boot,
For, oh, ye gods, what have I done?
I've seen her in her bathing suit !

L'ENVOI.

My earnest suit was scarce begun,
Cupid had hardly aimed to shoot,
When, oh, ye gods, what could be done?—
I saw her in her bathing suit !

Oh, read this lesson as ye run,
Ye youths whom Cupid e'er does shoot :
If e'er a maiden would be won,
Do n't view her in her bathing suit.

JAMES B. TOWNSEND.

NARRAGANSETT PIER, August, 1883.

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NOTES AND EXTRACTS.

"Render unto Scissors those things which are Scissors."
—[St. Paul to the Fenians. IV., 11, 44.]

ONLY girls giggle.—*Yonkers Gazette.* The captain's gig 'll go with a rower.—*Boston Bulletin.*

BLEACHED mouse is the latest favorite shade. This will probably be followed by the rat tan.—*Somerville Journal.*

GEORGIA always did say it would get even with the North and now it's shipped 6000 carloads of water-melons here.—*Philadelphia News.*

WHEN the widow buries her first husband she becomes pensive, but after she gets the second she is usually expensive.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

THE Union Pacific trains are making a little faster time for fear the goats will come along and eat the paper wheels.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

A BABY will cry no harder if a pin is stuck into him than he will if the cat won't let him pull her tail. It is cheaper, therefore, to pin him.—*Chicago Telegram.*

"DAKOTA is four times as big as Ohio," says an exchange. Yes, and a locomotive blowing off steam is more 'n forty times as big as a ten-year-old baby, but when one wants to be quiet and at rest he gets near the locomotive, does n't he?—*Rochester Post Express.*

TWO of the star route jurors have begun building new houses. This paragraph is in itself as innocent as anything you can find in this guileless column, but of the 150,000 people who read the *Hawkeye* all but two will say, "Ah ha!" with a circumflex accent on the "ha!"—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

THE New York Evening Post, in speaking of the play, says: "The golden threads of shivering poverty, which run unseen through the black sands of sinful life, have been woven into a woof of pathetic beauty in the play of the 'Two Orphans.'" Jiminy, cranky, gracious! The critic that can write like that ought to get at least \$7 a week, and be worth it.—*Boston Post.*

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